



# MISHA

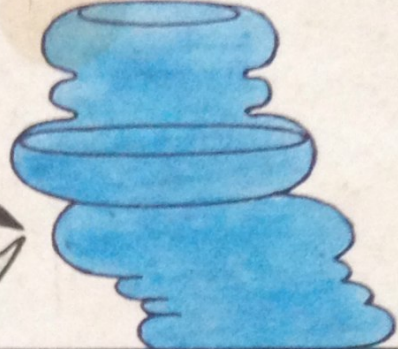


CHILDREN'S  
ILLUSTRATED  
MONTHLY

## 10/1988

Published in English, French, German, Hungarian, Italian, Russian and Spanish

Which jug has  
the water spilt  
from?



Which window has the bird got in through?



Whose beard is longer?



# A THORNY PATH

A Vietnamese Folk-Tale  
Illustrated  
by SERGEI KRAVCHENKO

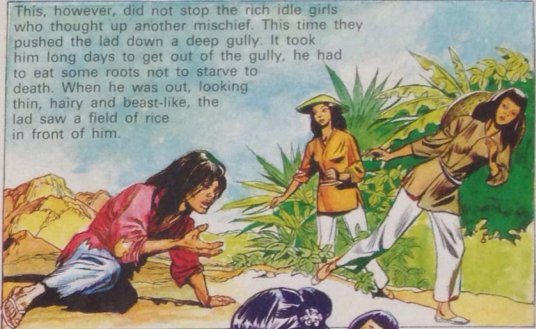
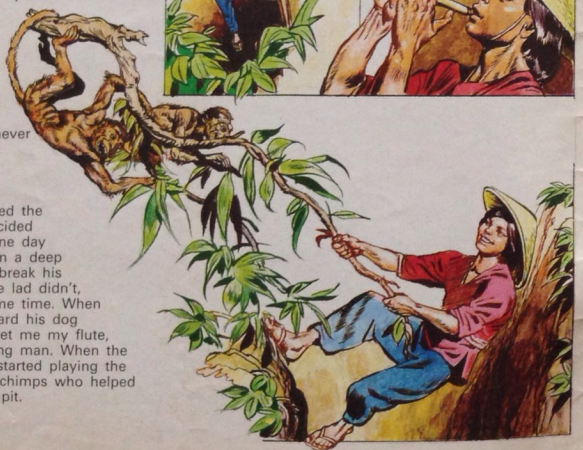
Once there lived a young man who was very strong and hard-working. However, as is often the case with such young men, he did not have anything to his name, apart from his clever hands, that is, his dog and also his flute, on which he could make wonderful music.



After a hard day's work in the fields he took out his flute, put it to his lips and the next moment the air was filled with magic tunes which attracted various birds, beasts and people. Everybody liked the young flute-player.



Rich girls from his neighbourhood who never did an hour's work in their lives were all after him, but the lad would not even look their way. This annoyed the idle girls and they decided to get back at him. One day they pushed him down a deep pit, hoping he would break his neck falling in. But the lad didn't, he just fainted for some time. When he came round he heard his dog howling miserably. "Get me my flute, quick," asked the young man. When the lad got the flute and started playing the music attracted some chimps who helped him to get out of the pit.



This, however, did not stop the rich idle girls who thought up another mischief. This time they pushed the lad down a deep gully. It took him long days to get out of the gully, he had to eat some roots not to starve to death. When he was out, looking thin, hairy and beast-like, the lad saw a field of rice in front of him.

The field was guarded by two sisters. The elder sister was horrified by the scary apparition and screamed for hunters to come to their rescue.



But the younger sister saw through the lad's scary appearance and stepped forward to welcome him.



The young man offered to guard the field for the sisters who took turns to bring him some food. The elder sister was very impatient and rude to the lad, but the younger sister was always nice and kind. Soon the lad felt better and asked the sisters to lend him a comb. The elder sister was shocked by his request and drew away in distaste. The younger sister, however, produced her comb at once.

The lad washed his face and combed his hair. The sisters saw how handsome he was and fell in love with him. Their father advised them to start clearing the paths that ran past their home and to see which sister the young man would prefer to help. The elder sister chose the easier path, the one grown with grass. So the younger sister set about clearing the thorny one, grown with bushes and brambles. The young man was soon helping the younger sister with her thorny path. And the father let him marry his younger daughter.





# HURRAY! SCHOOL'S OVER FOR TODAY!

Photographs  
by NIKITA BLIKOV

These children live and study in Orel, an old and fine city in Central Russia, on the river Oka. "What are you doing after school today?" asked Alexei Shirokov his friends.

"What about going to the circus? Or to the park? Or to the Pioneer Palace?" came a chorus of voices. And the four kids started on their way.

First they called at a sports school. "Want to join the group?" asked the coach. "Very much so," said Ania Korneeva.

After Ania applied for the gymnastics class and was taken on the jolly foursome went on their way.

The amateur orchestra at the local Pioneer Palace was practising. "Ever tried playing these?" said the young musicians to the four friends.



"Why don't you, then?" The kids promptly donned the costumes, took the instruments and tried to play along, but the tunes didn't come out right, not the first time round anyway. "Can't come again?" Ania Izvekova asked. "I want to learn to play really well." "Why not?" a chorus of voices answered.

The next room they looked into was the designing room. The projects under way there had the two boys - Alexei Shirokov and Igor Kashcheev - completely spellbound. "This is what we would really like to try!" they said.

Soon it was time to go back home: it was already getting rather late. But the friends stopped by their school when they saw that the lights were still on. "Let's have another five minutes of computer games before we go home," said Igor. And everybody agreed.



HOW? WHY? WHAT?

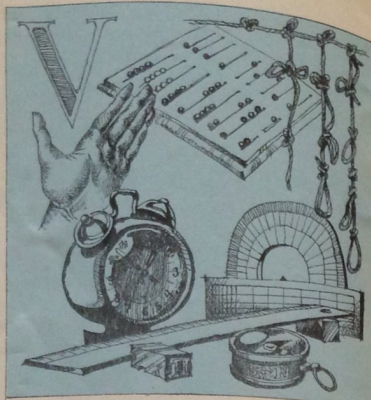


Drawings by ANATOLY DUBOVIK

TELEGRAMS FROM KNOW-ALL



Have you ever tried to count microbes or germs? Evidently, the answer is No. However, scientists often need to do this to carry out their research. But how can one count things that are forever moving about. Well, Soviet scientists invented a special micro-counter. The tiny display flashes the obtained totals.



# FROM ABACUS

Three, four, Shut the door... All kids know dozens of such nursery rhymes which they use to count each other out in games. Have you ever wondered how ancient people first learnt to count things?

Each of us is born with a ready-made "computer" which we then carry around all our lives. I mean our ten fingers that help us do simple sums like subtraction, addition, division and multiplication. That's why out of all the various existing mathematical systems the decimal system is the most commonly used.

Thousands of years back, much earlier than the first alphabet was invented, people in India learnt to write figures. Then the decimal system spread all over the world and today it is used by most peoples.

However, apart from counting of their own ten



Is it possible to tell the quality of an orange without tasting it? Yes, it is, say Cuban scientists who invented a special electronic device to test oranges. They use it to sort out the fruit, for the device tells them which oranges can be transported or stored for a long time and which cannot.



fingers the ancient people who did not yet have paper or pencils to write down their sums could use a special apparatus to help them calculate. It was the abacus—one of the oldest human inventions. The abacus is a wooden frame with a number of parallel wires on which are strung rows of individual beads that can be moved right and left and made to form different combinations for adding, subtracting and other arithmetic sums. For many centuries people used this simple calculator for working out complicated sums.

As time went by and people developed their knowledge in technology, astronomy and trade, they needed something faster than an abacus. This gave rise to a variety of mechanical adding machines, or calculators. They came into use in the 17th and 18th centuries.

The next, more advanced machines had their gears turned by electricity. They go back to the turn



A motorcycle, as everybody knows, usually has two wheels. Japanese designers, however, have recently produced a four-wheeled model. The new four-wheeler is more stable than its two-wheel counterpart. Besides, it doesn't guzzle as much gasoline.



A French scientist, Jean Beament, suggested using a kite to study the planet Venus. The kite, packed with sophisticated instruments and tools, will be delivered to Venus by spaceship.

of the century. The best electric calculator of this kind was called Mark-1. It weighed 4.5 tons and could work out long sums in 5 seconds.

About 50 years ago, an American physicist, D. Atanasow, came up with an idea of an electronic computer. However, it took the inventors another several years to get the first computer, called Enniak to work properly. In just one second this machine could already do 300 long multiplications.

Since that time the computer technologies have been developing dramatically. The computers are getting smaller and smaller. Today's personal computer complete with a printer and a display is not much larger than an ordinary TV set. But the speeds they have are really cosmic: Illiak-4 and other sophisticated models can perform a staggering billion operations in a second.

The machines under design today are capable of a trillion operations per second.

LEV TSESARKIN

# TO COMPUTER



# GOING ON A TRIP

Drawings by YURI OLEINIKOV

A town girl called Katia was spending her summer holidays down in a village. Once she said to one of the local boys: "Why don't we go on a trip somewhere, down the river, for example?" "Fine, let's do that!" said the boy whose name was Shurik. "Let's meet tomorrow morning near the boat station. But don't say a word to anybody."

The two didn't know that another boy, Alex, was there, behind the bushes and heard everything they said.



"Look at these plotting old salts!" he thought bitterly. "Why didn't they ask me along—I know just as much about boating as they do. All right, my friends, we'll just see how far you can get on that boat of yours."



When Katia turned up at their meeting place in the morning, Shurik couldn't help laughing. "By Jove, you're a sight!" Indeed, Katia looked a bit wrong for a boat trip: she brought a basket with an umbrella, her guinea pig Ricki and other things that people don't really need when they go down a river in a boat. Unlike Katia, Shurik looked like a seasoned sailor: he brought a small axe, a torch and a tent that was sticking out of his rucksack, and also his dog called Barbos.

Soon they put all their things into his Dad's boat and set out on their way. At first the weather was just marvellous, but towards the evening it started raining. They had to think of something. This was where Katia's stupid umbrella came in, keeping them from getting wet through.

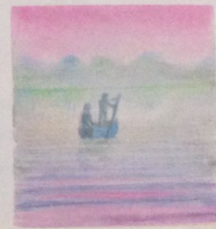


Shurik was rowing hard and Barbos and Ricki were shivering with cold. It was getting dark. Time to put up the tent for the night.



Shurik had a hard time making a fire and putting up the tent. Suddenly there was a flash of light in the bushes. It alarmed Barbos and Ricki.

Bang—the tent suddenly came down on the two travellers. However, when they struggled out of it and looked around there was nobody there.

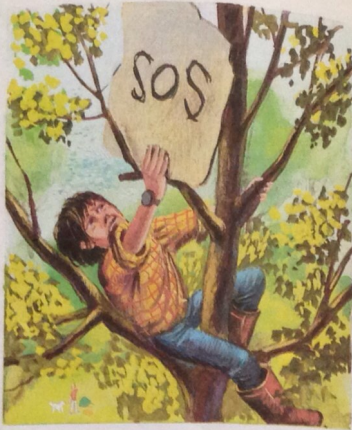


They went back to sleep and the next morning decided to continue their trip. But what was that? The oars were gone and there was nothing to row with. "Let's use a long stick and push it against the river's bottom," suggested Shurik.

The current was very strong and they started getting into whirlpools. "It must be the springs," thought Katia. The boat was getting beyond their control. Shurik grabbed hold of a big bush on the bank and helped Katia to get out of the boat.



They found themselves on a desert island. There was water all around. The matches were wet and they couldn't make a fire. Suddenly Katia had an idea: "Let's use a sheet of paper. If we put it up in the trees the people on the river could see it and come to our help."



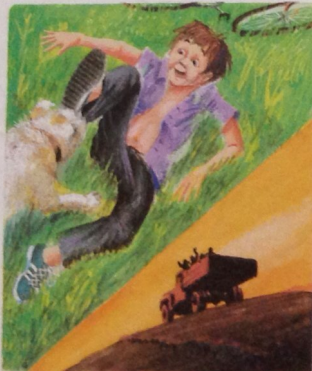
Shurik printed the letters "SOS" and put up the paper on the top of a nearby tree.



An hour later some boatmen spotted their distress signal and stopped by their desert island. An old fisherman picked them up and brought the whole party to safety. Shurik and Katia felt so tired that they soon fell asleep. When they opened their eyes they were tied up with ropes. "Ricki, come here, lad!" called Katia to her guinea pig.



The pig set to work and soon cut off the ropes with its sharp teeth.



"Looks like gangsters," thought Katia. "But why is Barbos yapping so loudly?" "Let me go!" screamed a familiar voice. "That's funny," thought Shurik. "I definitely know this voice." And so it was indeed, for the voice belonged to none other than his friend Alex. The dog caught the mischief-maker by a trouser leg. "Let me go, I'll never do it again, I promise. Can I come with you, please?" Alex wailed. Soon they heard a car approaching. It was the old fisherman who came to take the kids home. You should've heard how they were told off by their parents for going on that trip!

ANIMAL CORNER

## UNLIKE ALL OTHERS



Show-offs, who pretend they are special, unlike all others, have never been popular either in human societies, or in the animal kingdom. Both the children who are very vain and the beasts who are unlike their kin in appearance tend to have a hard time living side by side with the ordinary folk in their respective communities. Especially the beasts, who become easy prey for various predators, always there ready to pounce on the unwary bright-coloured ones.

Most animals and birds have a natural gift of protective colouring. When it's wintertime with a lot of snow around, many of them, the hunters and the hunted alike, get their white coats and feathers to match the colours of their environment.

In warmer parts of the world, however, white coats and feathers are not so common. I am not talking of domestic sheep, goats and chickens, but of creatures like tigers, wolves and crows, who can sometimes also be white. The white crows, for

example, are usually chased and driven away by their own kin who refuse to accept their weird appearance. So the poor white crows have to leave their flights and live on their own, which is a very dangerous kind of existence—among the green trees and grass a white crow is extremely easy to spot and attack.

Animals that stand out among their kind because of lack of colour are called albinos.

How can they be explained? Why are they so much unlike their kin? The common belief is that albinos are Nature's mistakes. In fact, nature is not often wrong, but sometimes it overlooks things. Albinos, like the parrot in the picture, are examples of such oversights: Nature simply forgot to give them their proper colour.

ALEXANDER PESOV



# АБВГДЕЖЗИЙКЛМНОП РСТУФХЦЧШЩЪЫЬЭЮЯ

Read this story, look at the drawing and write each Russian word in its place.

GOOD AFTERNOON!

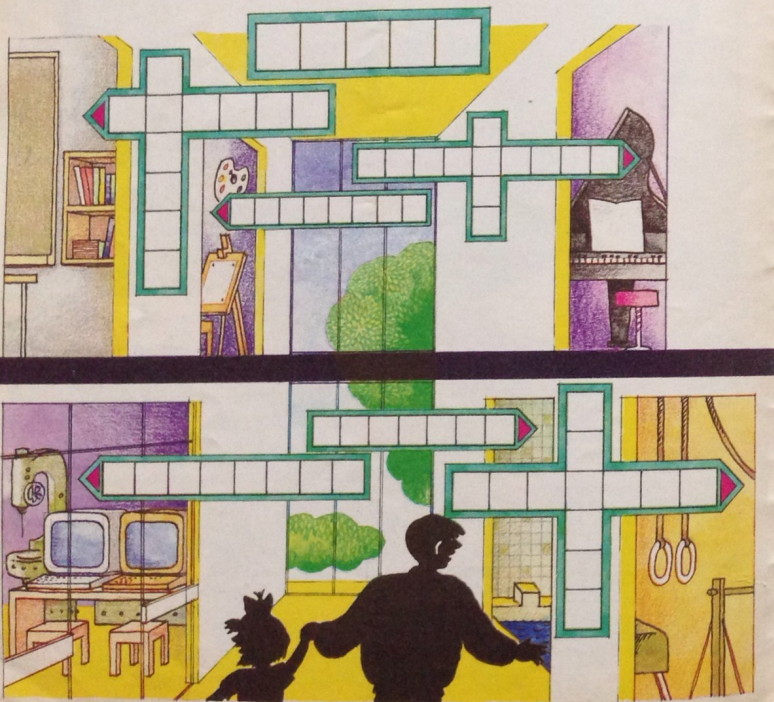
## I WANT TO GO TO SCHOOL!

When Olya became six, Dad took her to a school. It was summertime and the SCHOOL (школа, shkóla) was empty. Olya and Dad walked along the corridors opening each classroom. In one of them there was a lot of books and notebooks. "Here children learn TO READ (читать, ch'i:tát') and WRITE (писать, pí:sát')." Olya guessed. Peeping into the next room she saw a piano with an open music book on it. "Here I'll SING (петь, p'et') and DANCE (танцевать, tantsívát')," the girl decided. There were albums and felt-tip pens on the desks in a third room; an easel with palette and brushes stood nearby. "I can DRAW (рисовать, rí:savát')

here," Olya said. The next door let them into a spacious gym. "It's fine TO RUN (бегать, b'égat') and JUMP (прыгать, prígat') here," Olya rejoiced. Coming up to the swimming pool, she decided to learn TO SWIM (плавать, plávát'). Then Dad pointed at transparent glass walls of the school's workshops full of various machine tools, sewing machines and computers. "And here pupils learn TO WORK (работать, rabótat')," Dad explained.

"I'd like everything in this place!" Olya exclaimed. "I'd like autumn to come quicker. Then I'll go to school!"

Drawing by ALEXANDER ARTEMOV



One day Cecilia Mogia, a girl from Argentina, sent us a drawing of a bear cub and a boy called Misha going up in a balloon on a round-the-world trip. We published the drawing in a last year's issue No. 9 and asked Misha's readers to write stories about

the adventures of the two friends. Today we are publishing one of them. It was sent in by Antje Forster from the GDR. But instead of a boy called Misha Antje has a girl, Masha, as the bear's travelling companion.

## MEETINGS IN AFRICA



Masha and Misha were flying over Africa. There was a strong wind. "We must land at once," Masha decided. "But where? Was there any landing place somewhere near?" "I see a village," announced Misha the Bear. The balloon went down and soon the two friends were being welcomed by the local people who gave them a lot of lovely bananas and asked Misha and Masha to stay for a few days in their village. When the balloonists were ready to go up again, they saw a hole in their craft.

"Not a worry," said the locals. "We'll soon make it as good as new." "All right," said little Bear. "Why don't we use the time to explore the surroundings?" Early next morning they started on their hike, complete with rucksacks, maps and a photorifle. They chose the path the local people had recommended. What a fascinating time they had! There were so many wonderful plants, animals and birds around that Masha was constantly running out of



stretched out beside the fire. In the morning Elephant offered to take them back to the village. Misha and Masha accepted at once and soon they were coming into the village in style riding the huge African Elephant. Their balloon was ready, and the next morning the two friends went up into the air. "Have a nice trip! Come again!" said the locals. "Have a nice trip, kids," nodded kind Elephant.

film and had to put in new films. Suddenly it was evening and the two travellers decided to spend the night in the forest: they put up their tent, made a fire and fixed their mosquito nets. "We'll take turns at guarding the fire," said Misha. "I'll start, then you'll take over, then I'll take over." When it was almost morning and Misha was on guard, Elephant came up to their tent. Little Bear gave him a sweet and the huge animal

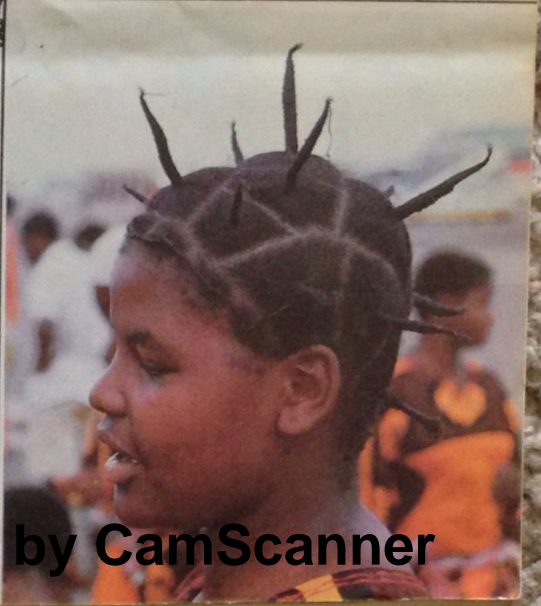
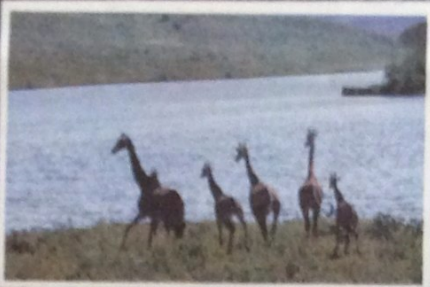


# MEETINGS IN AFRICA



Our artist Valentin Rozantsev read Antje Förster's story and made up a game about a trip in Africa. The photograph was taken by Vladislav Kivrin who visited those parts.

Before you go on your African travels, get a dice and some pieces. Throw the dice and move your piece as many steps as the dice shows. If the piece stops on a black spot, you have to miss a turn, and if the spot is green—move an extra step forward. The point of the game is to photograph as many local animals as you can. You get points for every photograph (see the red spots). The trip is started from a big red spot and is finished on a blue one. The player who gets there first wins the game if he or she has scored at least 40 points.





# THAT NUISANCE, ALDAR KOSE

Based on folk-tales from Central Asia and Kazakhstan

Illustrated  
By Victor TRINCHENKO

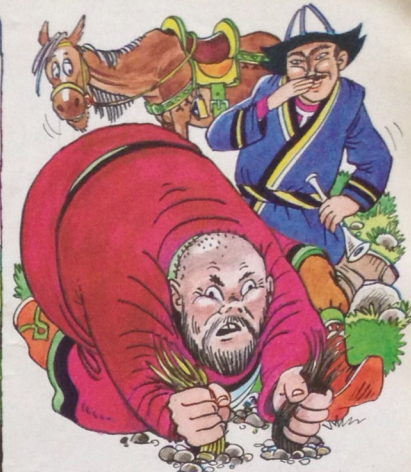
Continued from No. 9



Aldar Kose, a clever and jolly man, had already taught the mean bai a lesson. Now he had another chance to play a trick on the greedy rich man; this time the bai told Aldar Kose to look after the horses that bai had seized from the poor people.



The bai grabbed the two tails. "Easy, man, they can break!" Aldar shouted in mock alarm.



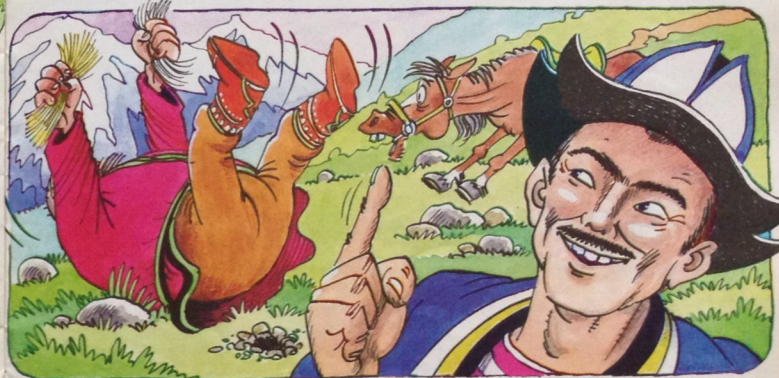
"Didn't I warn you, now? You shouldn't have pulled like that. Now you'll never see those horses again." The bai sat down crying over his loss and Aldar with his friend got on their horses and were off.



The first thing Aldar did was to cut the horses' tails off. Then he hid the horses and stuck the tails into the ground.



When the bai was back he asked: "Where are my horses?" "Don't you see the tails sticking out," Aldar answered, "they've gone down, for better grazing."



But the bai pulled all the same, and the two tails came off in his hands.



To be continued



YEVGENI BERGER

RIDDLES

Down the road I merrily  
whirl  
Without a care in this  
sunny world.  
But oh!—the minute  
I come to a stop  
I fall to the ground, fall  
down with a flop.

(A bicycle)

ZHANNA DAVITIANTS

A cow with horns  
That shine and glow  
I wonder why  
It cannot low.

(The crescent)

Drawing  
by DMITRY BARABASH

VALERY LEVANSOVSKY

IN THE  
DARK WOOD

The sun has set  
Behind the trees,  
The wood became  
So dark and tall...  
I feel that someone's  
Hiding there  
And he will jump  
And eat us all.  
I see his eyes,  
His shaggy beard...  
Come, help me, Mummy,  
I'm scared!



Drawings by IGOR NOVIKOV



# IN THE PLAYGROUND AND IN THE FIELD

"Enough of these stupid exercises!" said Hare after his regular workout in our stadium. "What about some running for a change?"

"I was just about to suggest that, what do you say to a spot of goretki, an old Russian game," said Misha.

Here are the rules for all our readers who might feel like a bit of fun running:  
Find a playground or a field, some open space which is good for running about. Break into pairs, take each other by the hands, and form a column of pairs.

"He", or the odd-one-out stands in front of the column. Then all the players chant: "Shine, shine brighter, don't go out, ever!" And here the last pair breaks up, one of the players goes right, the other left, heading for the top of the column and suddenly, when they are almost there, they both start running past Him, who chases one of them and tries to tag him or her before the pair has time to come together again and take each other's hands. The player who has been tagged forms a pair with the odd-one-out and they take their place at the top of the column of pairs, in front of all others. The player who is thus left alone becomes the odd-one-out. If the odd-one-out fails to tag anybody, he or she does an extra turn. The odd-one-out mustn't look at the last pair before they start their move—in case he or she does the last pair can swap places with any other pair in the column.

"A round of goretki will show everybody who is really fit and who has been shirking during the workouts in our stadium," said Misha. "All right, let's start!"



What will you do with it? Dumb question, isn't it? You'll certainly try to make something out of it, won't you? Just for fun. This kind of modelling happens to be the profession of SERGEI VOROBIEV, who is Misha's guest today. And, of course, the story that comes next is about modelling.

## CLAY MODELLING

**Sergei Alexandrovich, what do you use for material?**

I use clay. For coloured figures, which you can see in many kindergartens, I use tinted clay. When the model is dry I put it in the oven, like a cake. The oven that I use, however, is much hotter than the one in your kitchen. The models baked in this kind of oven are called ceramics. The tradition goes back thousands of years. When archaeologists find ancient ceramic objects in their digs the things are usually perfectly preserved. A ceramic plumbing system built in Ancient Rome is still working today! The more recent uses of ceramics are connected with the motor industry and space science: the newer engines and spaceship coating use these materials. As for me, I prefer modelling animals and characters of folk-tales for children.

**When and how did you start modelling?**

When I was five, I got interested in the children's studio that was near our home. One day I just went in. Nobody seemed to mind, so I asked them for a piece of clay. When I got it, I made my first model. It was a cat, and a rather rough-looking one at that. But the teacher seemed to like it for some reason and let me come again. This was the start of my ten-year studio course. Then I entered an art school. When I finished it, clay modelling became my official profession. I also like drawing and painting. My favourite subjects are still cats—my childhood passion. There are also lots of models round—at home and in my studio. Whenever I go, there would be cats there. They must feel my feline weakness.

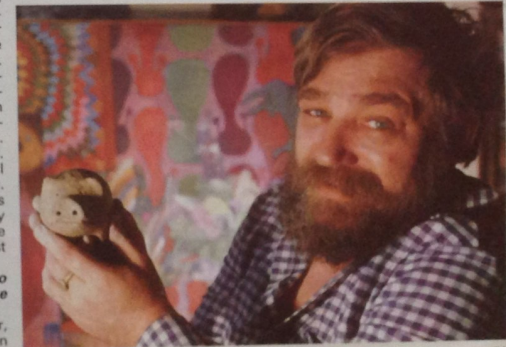
**What would you advise to those of our readers who like yourself like modelling?**

One of my friends, a doctor, usually says: "When children

are making something with their hands, they are getting wiser." I think modelling is extremely good for children—their hands become strong and clever. And my tip to the modelling enthusiasts is to make only those things which they know very well. And which they like, of course. For example, domestic animals. There are new bright plastics available today which can be baked in the ordinary oven. This material is just perfect for beginners. There is also salt dough modelling, a revival of the craze of our childhood, when this dough was used as plasticine substitute. However, the ordinary clay, which is very good for modelling various figurines, will never go out of fashion. After the figurines are baked in an oven it might be an idea to paint them over with some poster paints. Anybody, young and old, is sure to appreciate a present like this.

Interview and photographs by ALEXANDER BORODIN

Drawings by NIKOLAI SHCHERBAKOV





I don't I'll ruin you and all your villagers." But Pakhom just wouldn't budge. "See here, this bird ain't mine. What if the rightful owner turns up and asks for it?" Then all the village folk came over to reason with Pakhom. "Have mercy, Pakhom," they said with a lot of respect. "Think of our poor kids, or our miserable old age. This would be the end of us all! Give him that wretched bird and have done with it! The landlord will take it by force, so there's no chance for you there either way!" Well, Pakhom went to get the bird. Suddenly he saw two golden eggs under it. "Why don't you give the eggs to the landlord, and when the bird's owner comes give him the bird back and say there was nothing else, and she'll lay him some more of those," advised his friends.

Tania looked out of the window. It was dark. Bed-time. But she could not sleep. Suddenly the night sky flared up with lightning.

"What is this, Gran?" "It's the Fire-Bird. She's pecking off the stars in the sky. They are scattered round like grains and seeds and when the bird eats them they make her shine with magic light."

"Oh, poor little stars, I feel so sorry for them. She'll eat them all soon enough and that would be the end of starry nights!"

"No, stupid. The next night Moon will put all the new stars in the sky, so as to make it more friendly and nice to look at. The only problem is, he is such a sleepy-head, you just can't rely on him to do the work properly. But I'm afraid you don't even know the story of the Fire-Bird! Listen to this, then, my girl."

Once upon a time there lived in these parts a man called Pakhom, who was the best trapper of singing birds, and made a living by his trade.

One day there was a magic bird in his trap: it shone with fiery colours and was unlike anything he had ever seen before. However, he had heard about some magic bird from old-men's stories.

Pakhom didn't tell anybody about his wonderful catch, put the bird away in his barn and decided to ask for a huge ransom if the bird's owner turned up and wanted it back.

But can one really keep anything secret in a small village, now?

The stories of the wonder-bird went round the whole area and even farther.

Meanwhile it was almost debt-paying time: everybody owed something to the local landlord.

Now the landlord heard about the bird and decided to look at it. The moment he set his eyes on it he took instant fancy to the bird and would not go back without it.

"I must have it for your debts," he insisted. "If

## PAKHOM'S HILL



And so he did.

After about two weeks, at sunset, there came into the village an old hunchback, dressed in strange get-up and looking rather outlandish, and made his way straight to Pakhom's house. When he walked up the porch he said to Pakhom, still standing outside the door:

"Why are you hiding my bird in your house?" To which Pakhom replied:

"Look here, dear stranger, don't stand out there, come on in and sit down. If the bird is yours, it is sure to know you and if it does not, then it cannot be yours. Fair's fair, you see."

With these words he let the bird out of its cage. The bird recognised its owner right away and perched on his big hump.

Then the hunchback said:

VLADIMIR  
KHOKHLOV

everywhere.

The next moment the hunchback screamed to old Pakhom:

"What a rich land, this! You've got to pay up for those eggs! Fair's fair!"

"Take anything you want, please, stranger," Pakhom said.

The hunchback started to gather the golden leaves and grasses in his huge sack, but there were more and more around. It took him several months to gather them all. Now it was already winter and when he looked into his sack he just saw many old rusty leaves and grasses—they'd turned brown



"And where are the golden eggs that it has laid during this time?"

As it happens, the bird was a magic one and laid those eggs, which could hatch more magic birds, only once in a hundred years.

Now, the old hunchback was a black magician with a humpful of rage and general bad feeling. Sometimes, when he felt especially bad-tempered, it made him so sick that he couldn't breathe, choking on his own evil. Now, the only thing that could make him feel better was the medicine that he made out of those golden eggs which he then put on his hump.

When the hunchback asked old Pakhom about the eggs, the villager didn't know what to answer.

"Have mercy, dear stranger. We had to give them to our landlord to pay our debts. They say the landlord sold them to some merchants, for a lot of money."

This news all but knocked the hunchback out.

Then the magician soared up into the skies and for three days and nights there were storms in our parts, oh, something terrible they were, and then the magician fell back on the ground again, with a huge hump full of anger on his back.

During those three days when the hunchback was away autumn-time came to our village, painting the forests and the fields with lovely golden shades.

As the old saying goes: what is beauty to one, is profit for another.

When the magician saw the golden forests and fields, he simply shook with awful greed. You see, there was no autumn in his parts, just summer—all the year round. So the golden leaves and grasses went to his head and he started to see gold

with time.

Here an enormous fit of rage came over the hunchback.

His rage grew and grew, with every minute. The people who happened near saw his hunch getting bigger and bigger so that in the end it killed the magician by its sheer weight. And then, right before everybody's eyes, the magician with his huge hump went down into the ground and disappeared.

The place where he disappeared is now a big hill—people still call it Pakhom's Hill. And the Fire-Bird is free to fly about, without its owner, and does not let anybody else catch it.

Here you are, asleep already, my little one. Dream of the wonderful Fire-Bird, dear.

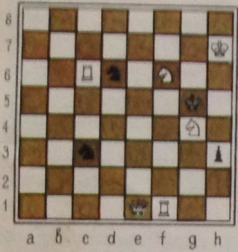
Sleep, girl, sleep...

Drawings by LEVON KHACHATRIAN



**THE FUTURE GRANDMASTER'S SCHOOL**

We continue our two-move problems. White begins and wins. Think up possible solutions.



(Solution to the problem: 1. Kf2!!)



**THE WONDERFUL ORANGES**

Designer TATIANA KISELEVA

Do you like oranges? Of course, you do? Whoever doesn't? Then you'll probably like this story. Once there was a boy who insisted on eating oranges like this: first he peeled them, divided the orange into segments, then ate the segments and then the peels. His mummy and daddy were at their wits' end trying to get him to drop this stupid habit, but not one of their clever projects worked. "Why, the peel is so good," the boy would say, and that was that.

Now look at this photograph. This could well be the answer to the boy's problem, don't you think? Ice-cream in cups made of orange peel will have a lovely flavour, but no one will really want to eat the cups.

**GOSHA**

By TATIANA ROZHDESTVENSKAYA

Once upon a time there lived Gosha. His main problem was that he was forever in everybody's way, spilling and breaking things and annoying everybody.

One day the farmer's wife finished her milking and put the bucket of milk on the little stool. Not a moment too soon, Gosha went crashing into the bucket and was off.

"I'll show you, little trouble-maker," screamed the woman. "Catch the little beggar, catch him quick!"

But Gosha was nowhere to be seen. True, he could be traced easily enough on the grass—by the milky way he had left in his haste.

The moment the farmer had got the honey frame out of the beehive, Gosha was there and got stuck in the honey. It took all his power to break loose!

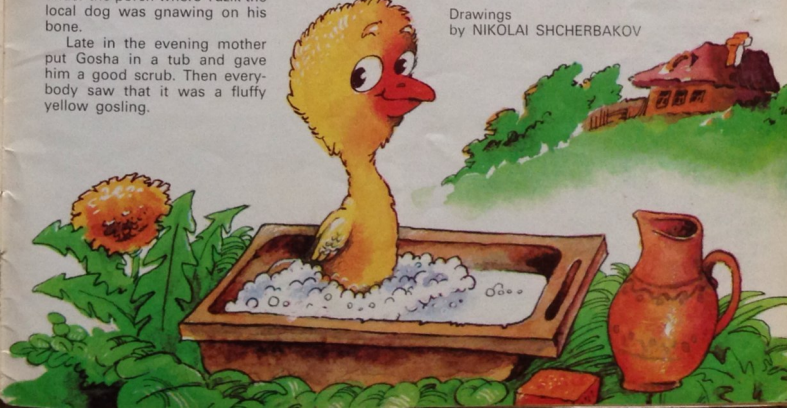
As he ran away the bees chased him threatening to bite him really bad, to teach the little mischief-maker a good lesson. Luckily for him, there was a puddle on the way. Jumping into it and stretching out on the bottom was with him the work of a moment. "Help! Help!" screamed the local frogs. "Who do you think you are, disturbing our peace like you did?"

This sent Gosha hiding under the porch where Tuzik the local dog was gnawing on his bone.

Late in the evening mother put Gosha in a tub and gave him a good scrub. Then everybody saw that it was a fluffy yellow gosling.



Drawings by NIKOLAI SHCHERBAKOV



# IN THE HALF-DONE LAND

Based on a story by GALINA MALIK  
Illustrated by VALENTIN ROZANTSEV  
Continued from No. 9

The Half-Shod Magician kidnapped an untidy girl called Alia and brought her to the Half-Done Land. Here the girl met a Half-Drawn boy, called Nedoladka. Together they got near the house of the Half-Shod Magician.



1 The Magician was sitting at the window and reading an old parchment. Suddenly he jumped up from his chair, and disappeared. How they wished to know what there was in that parchment! Alia opened the window and got into the room. "The biggest mystery of all, or HOW TO GET AWAY FROM THE HALF-DONE LAND!" Alia started to read: "You must come to the old tower, exactly at noon..."



2 "...when the clock strikes twelve, say the word 'abracadabra' and stamp your foot." "Our tower clock is out of order," said Nedoladka with a sigh. The Half-Ruler had the minute hand removed from it.



3

4 "We must put it back. Come on, quick!" When they got to the old castle and were making their way to the tower through long corridors and past doors to prison cells they were suddenly blinded by strong light. It was the horrible Half-Ruler, the owner of the castle.



"Give us the minute hand back!" begged the girl. "Never on your life! I've paid the old Magician ten thousand gold pieces and he told me the mystery of the old tower clock."



"From now on not a soul would ever get away from the Half-Done Land. Take them to the dungeon!" he ordered to his soldiers and soon the children were locked up in the dark.



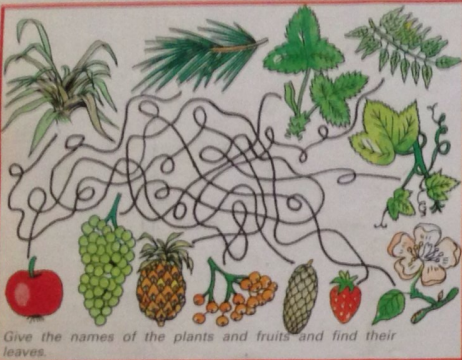
8 Boy, was it scary in that dungeon. There were shadows whizzing past them on the walls. Rats! One had a tail missing, another an ear. Regular half-rats, those! Alia found a half-eaten apple in her pocket. "Here you are," she said and the rats disappeared. Suddenly somebody lifted the wired door. It was Half-Bear the guard! "Run away, quick, I don't want you to be killed!" "And what about you?" asked the kids. "As for me, I'll go on fighting the ruler!" said the guard with a shake of his spear.



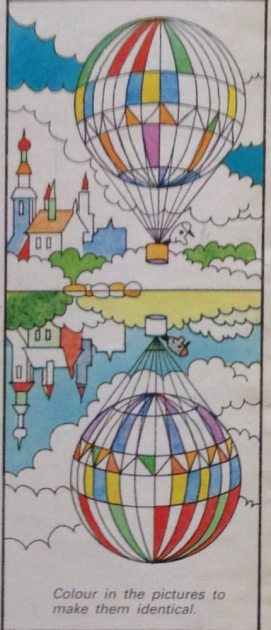
11 First, however, they had to get back at the Half-Ruler. They crept into his room. The ruler was sleeping on his eider-down. Next to his bed, on a little table, was his helmet. "Let's hide it away somewhere. The headless Half-Ruler will never venture out without it!" When the children ran out of the castle it was already getting light.



To be continued



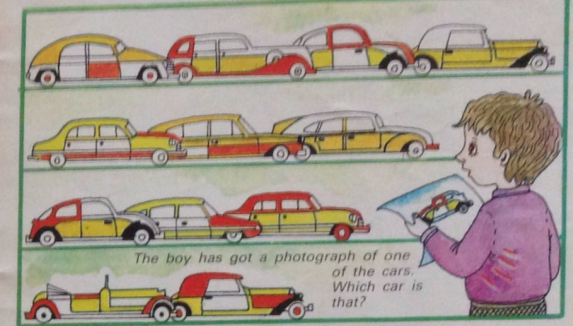
Give the names of the plants and fruits and find their leaves.



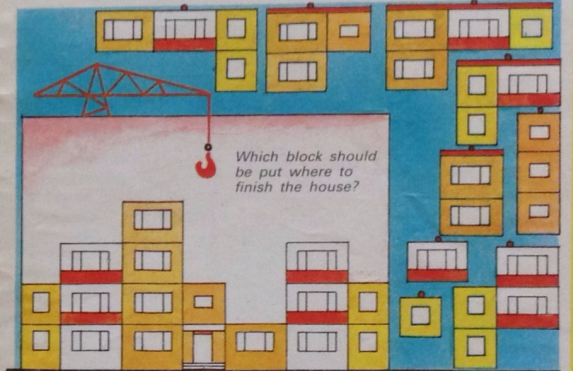
Colour in the pictures to make them identical.



Which numbers must the dog take to make 55?



The boy has got a photograph of one of the cars. Which car is that?

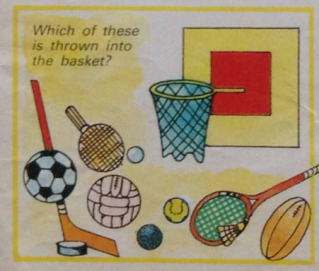


Which block should be put where to finish the house?

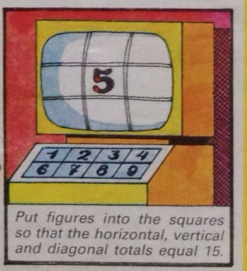


The right-hand doll in the bottom row must be dressed. Use the tips in the first three rows.

Drawings by ELINA DESIATNIK



Which of these is thrown into the basket?



Put figures into the squares so that the horizontal, vertical and diagonal totals equal 15.

Published by SOVIET UNION magazine

Editor-in-Chief: NIKOLAI GRIBACHEV

Founded in July 1983  
Managing Editor: MIKHAIL SHPAGIN

Chief Artist: VALENTIN ROZANTSEV

This issue was designed with the help of NIKOLAI SHCHERBAKOV  
Editorial office: 8, Ulitsa Moskvina, Moscow, 103772, USSR

Printed at the Pravda Printing Plant

We request due acknowledgement of anything reprinted or reproduced from the magazine

Front cover: Drawing by Y. SADOVNIKOVA  
Back cover: Photograph by A. ZEMLIANCHENKO

Index 72948



# MISHA



CHILDREN'S  
ILLUSTRATED  
MONTHLY

## 10/1988

Published in English, French, German, Hungarian, Italian, Russian and Spanish

